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THE
PRISONERS
COMPLAINT

TO THE
KING's most Excellent Majestie.

OR,
The CRIES of the
Kings Bench.

WITH
A D V I C E

To the disconsolate Gentlemen-Prisoners
in the severall Prisons of *England*,
especially the *Kings Bench*.

BY
S.S. a Fellow of Kings Colledge in *Southwark*.

L O N D O N :
Printed for Samuel Speed, 1673.

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PRISONERS

OF THE

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AND

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UNITED STATES

OF AMERICA

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The PRISONERS
COMPLAINT
To the Kings most Excellent Majestie.

OR,

The Cries of the KINGS BENCH

Sacred Physitian !

We your Aid implore :
Grant this our Suit. VVe never askt before.
'Tis You alone, Great S I R, can give us ease,
Beyond or Galen, or Hippocrates.
Then since we Cripples are in our estate,
And each one Captive to his rigid Fate,

The Prisoners Complaint.

Occasion'd by the VVars, the Plague, and Fire,
 All which were instrumental to conspire
 Our ruines. Be You, Sir, th' Angelick man
 To prove at last our *Good Samaritan*.

Nero (we read) was subject to destroy ;
 But You're the Sovereign of our Hopes & Joy.

Your gracious Act for us, and our relief,
 We see, and read, though to peruse our grief :
 Your Laws are good and just ; yet so oressway'd,
 By some they're broke, by others disobey'd,
 Each Clerk's a Justice, and each Justice too
 Pretends to mend those Laws, Sir, made by You.
 Thus we lie subject to a Brace of ills ;
 The Conscience of our Creditors, the Wills
 Of sordid Officers, a horrid Tribe,
 That love not Pris'ners, but the Pris'ners Bribe.

Thus, Sacred Sir, whenas our wounds wax wide,
 You finde us Balsams, but they're ill apply'd.

When the late Act was past, we did assure
 Our selves there was no doubt of certain Cure :
 But upstart Mountebanks did so divide (wide.
 Your Laws, that they have made our wounds more
 Then may Your Self, and Council, Sir, contrive
 No more of us may starve, but some may live.

'Tis

The Prisoners Complaint.

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'Tis You our welfare must designe to work,
Or ev'ry Creditor will prove a Turk; (groans,
Who though you teach them to observe our
Will weekly pay a Tribute to our Bones.

Be then our Pilot, and correct our fears :
For we swim to You, Sir, in Seas of Tears.

May our Lord Chancellor incline his heart
VVith mercy to commiserate our smart.
Though any man can die whenere he please,
His *Habeas Corpus* can afford us ease
And liberty, a more expedient way,
Yet neither Law nor Conscience disobey.
May the High Court of Parliament once more
Review that Act they lately pass'd before.
And may each Judge consider so to do,
They may be honour'd, and be pray'd for too.

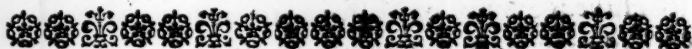
Your Laws are Cordials to a Commonweal,
That, like *Achilles* lance, both hurt and heal.

Our Grievs are great, and their immortal hate
Will breed at length but Moths in their estate.
You are the *Gilead* that must yeeld us Balm,
Or we shall sink ere we behold a Calm.
VVhat You have done for Pris'ners that are weak,
Sufficient is to make a Dumb man speak :

But

The Prisoners Complaint.

But in your Progress if you make a stay,
We must with patience suffer, weep, and pray:
VVe hope at last that Heav'n will have an ear,
Or to our groans, or each ones silent tear.
Thither with zeal we send our pious Suit.
Sighs maybe vocal, though the tongue be mute.



ADVICE



A D V I C E

To the disconsolate Gentlemen-Prisoners

In the Prison-Royal, commonly called

The Kings Bench.

A Prison is a Cage of certain Cares,
 Whose Birds sing tunes of Discords and de-
 So fares it in this fickle world ; (spairs.
 Man's like a Foot-ball ross'd and hurl'd.
 Even the poor and honest Prisoners lie,
 Like silver Swans, to sing their last, and die.

But what's a Prison, when the Soul is free !
 A Jayl is but the worlds Epitome :
 There ye contemplate how to lie
 I'th' Grave, before ye come to die ;
 VVhilst others heaping up their stores of Pelf,
 Have no more Land, when dead, then you your
 (self.
 B. Con-

Advice to Prisoners.

Consider, there are thousands are so low,
That they'd be glad to be as ye are now.

Your want of liberty's a Rod,

To scourge you nearer to your God.

Thus Providence to Pris'ners is most kinde,
Their eyes to open, leaving others blinde.

What's your Confinement, but a certain Rule
That leads to Happiness, afflictions School !

To know no Sorrow, is no more

Then to be equal with a Boar.

A Prison is an honourable Jayl,

Where a clear Conscience is the Pris'ners Bayl.

Let Reason be your vertue, and your Guide :
Impatience will but make your wounds more wide.

If any be afflicted, pray :

It is to Sorrows an allay.

Is any merry ? let this be his Psalm :

Strike harder, Fate, for every Bruise is Balm.

Since by Misfortunes it is so decreed
That ye should all things (but a Prison) need ;

Laugh at those Sorrows come to day ;

To morrow they may pass away.

To be dejected, is but to deprive

Your selves of finding out a means to thrive.

Advice to Prisoners.

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If you're despised, pitie those poor Elves
That laugh at you, before they know themselves
Your turn is past, you know your doom;
And theirs, to morrow, is to come :
'Tis *Martial-law*, which Pris'ners love no more
Then Turks love Christians, on the *Turkie-shore*.

Happie's that Pris'ner, that can live above
The reach of Fate, or the Intrigues of Love :
There's no light object to pervert
The Candour of an upright heart.
Those Iron-bars that do your bodies hold,
Are far less burthen some then Chains of Gold.

Where Care will help, there have a careful heart;
Where Care will not, ne'r act a foolish part :
For all the help that Care can do,
Is but to make One Sorrow Two.
Then take no Care but onely to be Jolly.
To be more wretched then ye need, is folly.]

F I N I S.